Exit of Hell

Before you read this book!

Please note that massive amounts of gore will be in here, and will most likely be in detail. If you are not comfortable with that, PLEASE click off this book and find a better book to read.

Also keep in mind all characters are humanized, but they each have a quirk related to their object that enables them to do stuff. For example, Four is still able to revive people.

AND! Characters will be ooc. Lets be honest. None of them would really have the audacity of purposely killing eachother for fun and shit unless we make them. So... yeah.

Lastly, this is sorta an AU??? idk??? This is a different timeline where Two comes in later on and co-hosts in the real world. So no TPOT Shenanigans!

Lastly, these are the beginning exitors when the first chapter begins:

Pencil
Liy
Roboty
Loser
8-Ball
Stapy
David
Match
Firey Jr
Dora
Spongy
Gelatin
Blocky

Now I hope you enjoy this book! Because oh fucking hell I love murder and angst and stuff

-Missing-

Pencil's POV-

It's been days since Bracelety was missing. Liy and I assumed she rejoined. It's been tiring seeing everyone work on these damn worksheets and honestly, I really am getting bored. I shuffled through my hair to untie my hair for a few seconds to simply retie it as an excuse to do something else. Telling from everyone else's faces, they all seem sick and tired. But... Something's off.

I slowly glanced over to Liy, whom was impatiently tapping on her desk with her fingernail. She seemed to be waiting for something interesting to happen, like everyone else. Nobody had done anything interesting, and I wish we had more to do than just worksheets and algebra.

We were all quietly working when the new kid opened the door. We all were always interested on who would be there, and always looked. It was the most interesting thing usually, and people would usually hug it out or be thrilled if they were close, like Match to me. Speaking of her, she seemed to be busy trying to tie up her bun, tending a beautiful bun surely takes work. I decided to not disturb her, and to just draw on my desk until something fun finally happens.

This time, for once I decided to see who was at the door to examine their features. The boy standing there had fairly average hair, a red jacket with both hands in the pockets, black shorts, and red sneakers. I instantly knew who it was when I saw the white 'BFDI' word stitched into the jacket. It was Blocky. He was visibly confused, but eventually that cursed demonic Four showed up. His blue ponytail was short, as small demon-like horns popped out of his messy hair. He wore a black leather jacket with a light blue shirt contrasting the rest of his outfit. His shorts were a dark blue while his boots were just black. He used to come often, but he now only does when there's

a new student. Sometimes, not at all.

I wonder what's next to do in this hellish place.
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Woop chapter 1, im really excited for this book bcuz i dont gotta draw drawings and like..

I fucking love the exitors like a ton

-Crack-

Firey Jr's POV-

I'm stuck in this place with a bunch of assholes. I have to share some STUPID DESK with some geek guy named Roboty who doesn't even talk! Damn, let's pray he does actually allow me to sit on his lap so I can do some work in his fucking place. I was writing when I heard someone lean on ne, I looked up to see Roboty attempted to FUCKING SLEEP ON ME. "Hey! Knock it off." I smacked his face, as everybody began to look in our direction. Roboty stood up, glaring at me. I could tell from his eyes, even through those stupid square glasses.

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I didn't understand what he fucking said, but began to back away to escape the damn situtation. I couldn't run for long. He grabbed me by my jacket hood as I was trying to get away. This must've been a fun sight for everyone else, but not for me. I felt him grab my arm, and didn't let go. Instead, I felt a lot of pressure. "W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING-"

Crack.

I screamed in pain, falling to the floor as he dropped me. I looked at my arm, it was dislocated. THE FUCKER BROKE MY DAMN ARM. I was just trying to get up, to fight back. To do something, but I couldn't. I eventually collapsed, unable to do anything.

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I woke up, in some bed with X by me. His arms was glowing a faint yellow as he looked at me with concern. "Y-You okay?" He asked, trying to give me a comforting smile. "No.. My arm fucking broke, and- How long have I been passed out?!" He sighed, "..A week."

"A.. fucking week?!" I said, shocked I can faint for so long. "..Fair, that fucking asshole has a strength of a robot." I growled, quietly looking over to my heavily bandaged arm. It was covered in a red tint, which I assumed was my own blood. I slowly got up, just trying to move my arms. I winced in pain as the arm could hardly move without giving me a fuck ton of pain.

I was looking around, it seemed as if I'm currently in some nurse's office or asylum. Anyway, I tried to stand up but I was quickly sat back down by X. "No! You need to rest, your arm is still trying to recover." He insisted. I rolled my eyes, but decided to listen.

Just for now.

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Match's POV-

As soon as I saw his arm break, it horrified me at first. I was scared and worried. If Roboty could just simply break an arm like that, who knows what everyone else can do to eachother? The thing is that, I enjoyed the pain and suffering that he went through. Like.. It's our final option. The only thing to keep us sane is murder and violence.

Maybe I can show this message to the others, and we can... all be like a bird free of a birdcage. Just to go wild. What harm could it possibly do to everyone?

I quietly tied up my hair, and took out a piece of paper to begin writing to a certain classmate on the otherside of the classroom. He won't mind. He seemed bored, and telling from how he acted back when he was with his team. It tells me that this will be someone quite easy to convince.

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Roboty did the first move >.>

But hey theres X and stuff- cool stuff yeah uh yeah what else do i put here lmfao- but unlike my other books, the chapters will be a little longer.

-Grouping Together-

Liy's POV-

Another day. It's been about a week since Firey Jr had been sent away to recover from his broken arm. Admittedly, it was very amusing to hear his screams. It reminded me of my old days, where they all.. suffered. I do miss those days. Maybe. If I just desire. I took out a small hairtie from my schoolbag and turned my hair from a hair down to my shoulder to a small ponytail on the back of my head.

I looked through my stuff to find my mask, and a knife. Perfect. Now, to find my victim. Oh, that guy. The one on the corner desk whom hardly talks. Probaldy shy or something. I snickered a little, passing a small note to him before slipping back to my desk.

This will be so damn easy.

That was until, the one person I really didn't want to see at this time burst open the door. Waving to all of us. That stupid Four...

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Narrator's POV-

"Hello Class!" Four greeted, everyone grudgingly said hello back. Except Firey Jr, whom was still not present in class. Four took out a few papers, passing it around. It was a group project, the first one ever in the classroom. "Okay Class! Today, I ask you to group up with another contestant to do a special gameshow. I expect 6 pairs. Go!" Everyone began to group-up, with odd pairs forming. The pairs went as followed:

Pencil & Liy
Match & 8-Ball
Dora & Spongy

Gelatin & Blocky
Stapy & Loser
David & Roboty

Four suddenly began to use his mysterious powers to merge 2 desks and place each of the 6 pairs into one. It was interesting, something fun finally happening. Though, many suspected it was because of the recent events occurring. 'Yeah.. This won't stop my plans.' Liy thought to herself, before Four interrupted her thoughts. "Okay everybody! Now that you're in pairs, please look at the screen infront of you." He snapped his fingers and suddenly 6 ipads appeared, one for each pair. They picked it up, and listened to what Four had to say next. "Now that you've gotten those ipads, we'll be doing a very special game!" He exclaimed, before pulling down a screen and snapping his fingers once more to reveal a projection. "To play, a pair will select between 3 contestants, and will be asked to describe using a prompt of words. Understood?" Everyone nodded.

"Good! Now let's begin."

Suddenly, a green light emitted from one of the ipads, coming from Match and 8-Ball's desk. They were quietly whispering to eachother and selected their choice. They were soon prompted with stuff, and began to speak. "This contestant is like, female." Match started. "And they have green in their design." Suddenly, a buzzer rang out. 'Leafy is wrong!' Spongy & Dora both got a little angry and calmed down. "..They also have bro-" Pencil and Liy soon sat up and pressed in their answer. 'Barf Bag is correct!" They did a high-five before sitting back down to do the next pair. Gelatin and Blocky's rang up next, as each pair eventually was able to go 3 times.
"And the winner is Spongy & Dora, with 9 wins! Everybody congratulate them, OR ELSE!" Everyone clapped, "Wow. They really are good.." Loser mumbled, but Stapy came in and gently nudged his arm. "Don't worry. The next time they do this thing, we will win for sure." Loser glanced over, giving a small smile. "Thanks.."
"Hey, no problem. It's what we do around here." Dora and Spongy both got donuts, as everything seemed to somehow turn back into a normal classroom as if it never occured. It was a fun bonding activity, but it only slowed down what was to come.

Murder.

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MMmmzmMMMmMMMMm YEAH I LOVE THIS.
also shoutout to YoBish244 for being a really cool friend. <3

-Striking Blow-

Narrator's POV-

That night, David got out of his seat and was walking out for the fourest. It was a calming fourest, and was the only natural thing in this weird world Four transported them into. Even so, the trees were shaped like the number four and were blue. It creeped out David a little, but he continued to wander around. He decided to rest by a tree, and take out a notebook from his messengers bag. He slid out a pencil from his ear. It was hiding within his brown messy hair, which he was glad. He didn't want to show any signs of personality or be seen as interesting. He just wanted to be seen as average. Just there, resulting in his very bland choice of words.

He slowly opened the book to a new page, and began to write. It was dark, but he had a flashlight and leaned against the tree. He used his knees as support to hold the notebook, and just expressed his feelings in the way of words. He hoped to be left alone, but unfortunately someone had followed him. Liy was hiding behind a tree, observing him as she wore her mask and got her knife. "*It was time to strike."* She whispered, approaching him. David hadn't quite noticed the girl until it was too late. He placed away his items, and was about to get up when he saw 2 leather boots. "W-What the-" His arms was suddenly grabbed as he felt himself get pulled up. "HEY!" He shouted, trying to move away. Her grasp was too firm, and she had a creepy grin as she began to take out her knife and stab it to his side.
David screamed in agony, pained by the stab. He was trying to move away, but this skilled serial killer kept on stabbing. Over and over again, and wouldn't give up until he was dead. He cried out, begging for the masked killer to stop. But she didn't, just keeping a wide smile as she stabbed his sides, blood dripped down, splattering all over her and the tree. His formerly clean white shirt and tan bag tattered with deep crimson blood. After multiple stabs, she dropped him and quietly walked off to clean off the evidence she killed him and left

him there to die. By the tree.

David slowly tried to grab his pencil with a bloody hand and wrote his last message before he died.
'Help Me.'

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In the morning, everybody woke back up from their desks. For some reason there was no beds, so that was their method of sleep. They all noticed one was missing in an instant. David.

"..Uh guys? Is it me or is David missing?" Gelatin was the first to speak up once everyone awoken. "No shit sherlock, David's missing. We should search." They were trying to discuss how to find David, or where to find him. He couldn't have wandered long. Slowly, they each got up and talked to eachother and went out to the fourest.
It wasn't that long until they saw the dead body and they gasped with horror. "Wow.. I always wondered what blood would taste like!" Everyone glared in Gelatin's direction. "..Gelatin. I love funny doings and all, but that's disgusting dude." Blocky said, sorta grossed out by the bloody corpse. "Has ANYONE here heard of dark humor?" He said, messing with his 2 bandages on his right cheek and his jacket. Nobody spoke, only focused on the body. Everyone was horrified, and was trying to gather words. Who could've killed? Why? Questions were all in their head, but the thing that was in all of their minds were
'Who's the next victim?'

They all knew. If Firey Jr could get a brutal injury and David could die like that... Nobody was safe. Everyone soon heard a pop noise behind them, as they turned around to see Four. He was not amused. "WHAT THE FRICKETY FRACK IS THIS?" He walked up to the dead body and just.. smacked him and suddenly he's alive. All of his wounds were gone and it was like nothing happened. "WHO DID IT." He glared at the other classmates, but nobody spoke. They were all too scared of the consequences of being found. "Exitors, back to your seats!" He shouted, slamming his hand against the tree. Everyone nodded and got back to their seat.
Four appeared at the teacher's desk and glared, but suddenly disappeared. Silence filled the room, nobody dared to speak after

ahat happened. They were all too scared, and just went back to their math worksheets. But slowly, they knew. They would all just turn insane.

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David my boy died and became alive
Well this was a really interesting chapter and hope yall enjoyed your first of many deaths in this book! B)

-another one-

Firey Jr's POV-

Another morning in this damned office. I was notified recently of a death occuring, which was really horrifying to be notified of when you're injuired. I was told one more day than I would have to go back to class. Which sucks, now that I know a fucking murderer is in that room. I decided to get it over with and sleep for the night. It shouldn't be so bad to see the class again. By now, some new kid should arrive and surely be nice enough to help all of us go through these fucked up times. I was about to fall asleep when X burst into the room to announce me the golden news. "Hey! I think you can go back now, a new student's coming." I sat up from my bed, realizing the bandages are gone and my arm is brand new like the incident never occured. I nodded, "Thanks X." I responded before I was escorted by them to the main classroom.

As I got in, another kid had. We all instantly knew who it was from their features, they were floating a little with bags under their eyes as messy black hair covered both sides of their head, only showing the face. Even so, the mouth was covered with a dark purple facemask, and the eyes were like deep voids. It was Black Hole, just telling from the face and hair alone. They made it even more obvious with the space-themed hoodie and black pants and shoes. They're on that death prevention team, so surely we should all be safe. Right?

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Match's POV-

We won't get caught. I know it.
I knew who we were going to get, but Black Hole's gonna be a problem. They have really good strength and they use it to prevent death half of the time. As I watched David walk out to the fourest again, I got up to go talk to 8-Ball. Everyone seemed a bit more social

after the death of one of their classmates. Though, I wonder... Who *did* kill David? I suppose I'll figure it out. I got a pushpin, and I will eventually use it. It's so boring here, and I rather not be pushed to insanity. 8-Ball mostly wore black, black beanie, hoodie, pants, to the sneakers. His dark grey hair and brown eyes fitted the look. The only sort of light color was white, which made a full circle except for a black eight in the middle.

"When should we do it." 8-Ball asked, working on his worksheet. "Soon.. We need to show everyone this is the only way we can be sane." I responded, giggling a little. I hated him so damn much, always trying to start fights and make himself intimating. Oh, will his screams be so much fun to hear.

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eeeeee yeah theres more

-Betrayal-

Narrator's POV-

It had been nighttime once again, but everyone was cautious. Mostly nervous about who was to die next. It was not until midnight striked when it seemed that all was asleep. Except two classmates had decided to fake their sleep, they had a plan, and they wanted to pull it off.

"..Are you sure we should be doing this tonight?"

"Yes."

"..If you say so."

They walked over to the desk in the back of the classroom, nearest to the door where a girl wearing a orange ponytail was sleeping. Most of her body couldn't be seen besides the dim 'moonlight' coming out of the nearby window. She had her legs on her table, and was just sitting there. The two looked at eachother and grabbed her, bringing her out in the Fourest where the last crime was commited. While they were carrying her, the girl had felt a sort of movement and was waking up. "...Huh..? Who's there?!" The two people swiftly dropped her onto the soft seemingly blue grass, panicking a little. "This isn't funny.. Why did you bring me out here?!" She demanded, the two people just stood there. She couldn't make out their face, but she realized what she had in store.

She quickly got up, trying to run into the Fourest to escape the two. But they had predicted she would and each grabbed her by one end of the scarf, choking her a little. She hardly could breathe, and was trying to untie her scarf. "GH-" She felt them pulling, trying to get her closer to them. She had sharp breaths, trying to get air but couldn't. They kept on tugging, and eventually she gave in to their demands. She just needed air, and was trying to untie the scarf until one of

them grabbed her by the arms and pulled her back. She was afraid, just trying to move away. "H-HEY! LET ME GO!" She screeched, struggling to move. She didn't know what they had in store until she saw a knife pulled out from the other's bag. It must've been the weapon for the first crime! She tried to resist, but couldn't as the knife plunged into her chest. She screamed in terror as blood began to drop down from the wound. That's when she was let go, and she scrambled, trying to pull the knife out of her body until she felt another tug coming from her scarf. The pressure was on.

She was desperately trying to untie it, while trying to escape from her two tormentors. She tasted blood as it began to drip down her mouth. They weren't going to give up so easily, though, and kept on tugging until the poor girl began to give in. She choked, not getting enough air before falling to the ground. Dyeing the blue grass into a crimson red, the two laughed it off before taking out the knife and walked back to the class. She had no last words, and her body just laid there peacefully.

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That morning, they had already realized someone was missing. Pencil. "For fuck's sake we really should have someone scout!" Firey Jr complained, angrily glaring at everyone. Black Hole sighed, speaking through the mask covering his mouth. "Well, they could easily betray us and just rat out on someone else." Everyone kept on trying to figure out something, but one decided to sneak away and check out the Fourest. It was a quick visit, and that's where he saw a blood trail. *The body must be nearby!* He thought before running back to alert his classmates. "Loser, where were you?! For a second we thought you died." Liy commented, a little nervous and visibly sweating. "I was in the forest, and I saw a blood trail. That might be where the new dead body is." Loser stated, before beginning to walk back out of the door. Everyone exchanged glances before walking out as well.

Loser was at the beginning of the blood trail, waiting for everyone to follow behind. And so they had, after everyone grouped together, they began to track down the blood to find the end of it. "..This is really creeping me out now..." Blocky said, still really anxious over the last death. "Well, I wanna know if people have different tastes of

blood!" Gelatin said, trying to cheer the mood. "..Uhh, that's disgusting. Don't taste the blood." Black Hole stated before everyone came to a halt. "Huh? Why did we stop?" Stapy said, as he was behind the group. "..We found the body." Loser said, fearfully. Everyone began to distance themselves, just staring at the body on the grass. The blood soaked the nearby grass, as dry blood covered the mouth and chest area. The scarves were worn down, ripped in a few spots and bloodied up. It was clear somebody did a murder, but who? "YOU DID IT! DIDN'T YOU?!" Firey Jr shouted, looking at someone in particular. "M-Me..? No way! I was like, asleep during this." Match scoffed, twitching a little. "..Than explain your twitching, AND THIS!" He dove through her pockets and pointed at a specific spot of the jacket she wore. Her jacket was red, but a part of it was soaked with a much darker tint of red. As if it was blood, and Firey Jr had taken out a ripped pink cloth from her pocket. "Match murdered Pencil!" He declared, everybody gasped in surprise.

8-Ball began to walk over, with his robotic legs. "I would like to defend Match as in that is merely paint." He spoke up, staring down at Firey Jr. He frowned, "..Hmm. Let me check your pockets." Firey Jr said, with no hesitation in his choice of words. He seemed prepared to confront him, even if he was taller. "Why." Firey Jr wasn't having any of it. "Let me see your pockets, it's for important investigation matters." He said, before moving his hand towards his hoodie pocket. 8-Ball didn't move away, and just stood there with his hands in the pocket. Firey Jr looked through the pocket til he found the proper thing. He pulled out another pink cloth, similar to the one Match had in hers. "..Interesting. Than this is a easy conclusion. YOU BOTH KILLED HER!" He shouted angrily. "W-Wait! We can ex-" Match tried to say, before Firey Jr went up and just slapped her in the face. He was enraged. "You little fu-" Suddenly, Four appeared behind the group with a mad grin. He snapped, and Pencil was soon revived with no wounds or rips in her clothing. "Well, that answers the question I was about to ask! Match, 8-Ball... You're coming with me." He walked forward infront of the group, and grabbed their wrist. They tried to escape, but soon teleported off and disappeared. Everyone was quiet, too afraid to tell Pencil what her best friend had done to her. Eventually, one by one, they decided to leave back to the classroom. Firey Jr was last, just shocked of what he's done. He just painted a large target on himself.

Hopefully Match is gone for good.

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Oh fuck this was a good chapter- I hope yall enjoyed i havent had much angst from my rps lately so this helped me write it out.

Thanks for reading this one!
-Zapz

-Detention-

Firey Jr's POV-

I'm worried, well, mostly for myself. But Pencil seemed to be off, I'm unsure if it's because her best friend killed her or if she misses her. Maybe both. I slowly got up from my desk, pushing Roboty so I can move, and walked over to hers. "Hey.. You okay?" I asked, hoping for some lie or happy response. "No. I'm not okay." It surprised me, she was definitely off but I would think she would hide the truth or something. "What's wrong?" I said, allowing curiosity to get the better of me. "Well-" Suddenly, the door burst open as a new kid entered in. We didn't recognize them at first.

It was a fairly short boy with messy hair, blue freckles, and a navy blue striped sweater covering his mouth for some reason. Some sort of clock necklace hung down from the sweater, and he had royal blue pants with black sneakers. Loser nearly instantly recognized him with a little hesitation. "Oh! Clock!" He waved with a comforting smile that filled the room with happiness. Clock seemed to be nervous until Loser's comfort helped him. He smiled a little, as it peaked from his sweater. He quietly went to his seat, and Four didn't come. I don't know how to feel, but I went back to my desk, playfully shoving Roboty to move so I have room on the seat we share. Class continued like normal.

Match's POV-

For fucks sake.. That kid really has some sort of nerve to try to mess with us after Roboty broke his damn arm. He's going to pay for this... I opened my eyes to find us in some room with a bunch of slips of papers in bags. "Welcome to Detention!" Four announced to the both of us. "We have a lot of votes, and we need helpers to sort it. Your job is to sort these papers, and you may leave back to the classroom once you arrange this episode's votes." Seems easy enough, we looked at the

small trays where it had a character's name magically written on it. It seemed like GABOP was up. That's rare.

I began to organize papers between the 7 team members, 8-Ball helped as well. Knowing how many votes I got, there's going to be a lot of them. We got to work. I read the slips of paper, each having a comment and bracket on them. I looked at the trays and placed the paper on the correct bracket corresponding to the team member. I kept on moving over each slip of paper, as the bags and bags kept on getting smaller. Most of them were expired anyways so it made this job easier. After organizing them, we quietly high fived eachother. I suppose it's freetime in this mess, so I decided to go lean on the offered chair and chill on my phone til Four gets her. Meanwhile, I glanced over to 8-Ball, and he seemed to be writing in a journal of some sort. I decided to not question it.

Night had fallen once again, I could tell from the tiny window at the top of the room.
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Detention room woo- I wanted to introduce this somehow and I thought this is a decent method. Also it's kinda.. a little spoiler on who's joining the exit next. B)

-Faked Smile-

Loser's POV-

After I introduced Clock to everyone else, he told me he was fine and sat back in his seat. I waved and smiled. Like everyone always expects me to. That's all they see me as. Some perfect guy who should be worshipped. I have to fake everything from emotions to how I speak just to keep them all happy. I can't. That's how I got eliminated. Thinking about it, that makes me sick. I'm sick of them. All of them, only if I could just have the bravery to do something like everyone else. Show how I truly feel about them.
Nothing.

I sat in the front of the class, and now that Bracelety was gone, I can finally show my emotions. No one important can see how I really express myself. I took out Donut's journal, just gazing at it before taking out a pen and flipping to a new page to begin writing. To express my feelings, and make sure I place it away in my bookbag so nobody knows how I truly feel.

Fake it all.

Blocky's POV-

I really miss my old pals. Life here's been terrible, especially with how everyone's been acting after Match and 8-Ball got caught with their crimes. We all know Firey Jr is bound to die sooner or later with the stunt he pulled. Let's just hope it's not too soon. I drew out my phone, trying to send in our group chat some sort of message. I miss them. I miss them all. But this damn signal has been really fucking me up lately.

I was just deciding to place away my phone, looking for someone to chat to. Maybe Stapy? None of my other teammates are here except the murderer, so I really don't have much options. I decided to scoot

over my chair towards his wheelchair. "Psst. Wanna play Rock Paper Scissors?" I offered, knowing that he played it with his pals as well. Eraser told me. He looked over to me in interest, and gave me a grin. "Yeah man." We began to play, as I mostly won. It was a fun game, and took out minds off of the hell of this place. Either way, after a few more games, I talked a little before moving back to my desk. I wish that the silence was nonexistent in the place, but I guess not. Everyone's been really getting on my nerves lately.

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H M.
Everything's fine! I promise.
:)

-Golden-

Liy's POV-

I felt no guilt of my actions back than, but suddenly I began to feel it when Pencil died. I don't understand why. Was it because they got caught while I didn't? I got up from my desk, taking another worksheet from Four's desk and walking back to my seat. Lately, we've been productive on our own stuff. Minding our own business and not trying to cause any shit.

Everyone is quiet, except a few cries of sorrow here and there. We're all just waiting. Waiting for who does it next, it's not a children's game or a show about where we can all be happy. We grew up, and have our own conflicts... Oh, do I wish I could've spread that message to my team. Atleast here, I can be insane. I could do whatever I want... As long as I don't get caught. Should be easy, right? My hair flowed down as I adjusted the handmade lightswitch on my headband. It was another day where we can all stay quiet and hope it repeats, no death.
We're all freakishly sick.

David's POV-

I was by my desk, taking out my pencil. I planned to leave with my usual stuff, and this time keep an eye for anyone around, except, something felt odd about where I've sat. Stapy seems fairly happy, and Firey Jr and Roboty are arguring with eachother. That's normal at this point. This isn't a good feeling, it must be from Loser. His blonde curly hair with circular glasses tucked in the beautiful golden hair already stood him out from the rest. His freckles covered his face as his appearancewere unique from the person we thought of him to be. A perfect celebrity, but instead, he wore suspenders and shorts. A white collar and cream yellow shirt with a fitting cream yellow socks and black shoes to finish off the golden look that we all wish to

achieve.

Simply put, he's perfect and we all want to be like him. Now, I'm not the one to point out things like this. So I hesitated, and looked at his desk to see if I can find any notable details. A journal, I see it peeking out of the bookbag by his chair. Only if.. What if I take it? I wonder what's inside... Curiousity got the better of me as I got up and quickly nabbed the journal and went out for the Fourest. I hope he didn't see. Did he?

I glanced around, making sure nobody was there and went into the Fourest. This time, I decided to go in deep, to make sure that nobody knows where I went. I quietly sat down against the tree, and comfortably began to write in my own book. It's all my thoughts. About all of this. My death, Pencil's death, Match & 8-Ball... All of that drama. After writing in that page, I placed it away in my messenger bag and got to the book I've been wanting to read. I've seen Loser read this, both audibly and visibly. I wonder... What's inside? I opened the book, and the first few pages began as a diary. It was interesting, saying stuff about how it's like being Four and that stuff. Though, the next few pages began to worry me. I could tell it was someone else's writing. The first few were more quick and fast-paced. A little messy. The next few were perfect in cursive, amazing handwriting that only I could imagine. *This must be Loser's handwriting.* I was continuing to flip through it, invested in what the next pages were. What I didn't know was that it was a huge mistake. I flipped to the most recent page.
It was a hit list.

I was stunned, unsure of what to say. I silently was skimming through it. Some were underlined, crossed out, and one was circled. Firey Jr's. Loser must've been planning something. "Well well well~" That voice... I instantly recongized it as I lifted my head up to see him. The guy hinself. *Loser.* I was unsettled, thinking he had followed me or something. "..I'm afraid you know too much." He responded, before grabbing me by the throat. I struggled to move away. NO WAY I'M LETTING THIS FUCK KILL ME- I was trying to get him to let go, as he just held me there with a smile. It was as if he enjoyed the pain I was going through. I hated this, I just need it to all end. I tried to get out of his grasp, but before I could, Loser slammed my forehead against

the tree. I felt blood drip down my head, and my vision getting blurry. What the fuck.. He's too strong. I tried to escape, using my messenger bag as a item, I spun it around and hit him in the head with it as hard as I could. I winced as he let go, holding his head. "Gh... You'll pay." He said, beginning to chase me. I knew I had to run deeper. Even with a blurry vision, I could still contrast the blue trees to the grass.

I began to run for it, hoping to escape he had in store for me. But I couldn't. He grabbed me before I could move away, as I tried to scream for help he quietly pushed his finger on my mouth, and hushed me. "Shh~ It'll be over soon." He said, slowly lowering his finger as he held me by the throat. I could hardly breathe. I can't.

It's.. too blurry, and dark.

--

Im splitting up the invesitgation scene and murder. But god damn- I'm so sorry Bishy i had to even tho i literally ranted on how horrible it would be for loser to be evil. :)

-Red-

NOTE: I AM SO SORRY.
Clock's POV-

I heard a scream, or yell of some sort. What was it.. I don't know. A little after the scream, I noticed Loser walk back in the classroom. His clothes were slightly tainted with a tint of red, and it gave me a little uneasy feeling. Surely that's just paint, right? I slowly got up from my desk, excusing myself and going out to the Fourest. I was walking around, trying to find some sort of idea or lead if there was a source of murder. I'm.. getting uneasy vibes. I silently walked around, checking the time once in awhile from the necklace. It was not long until I found trails of red. Red blood. The smell was horrifying, and I felt like I was going to puke.

I eventually came across the body. David's. I gagged at the sight, blood. Blood everywhere on his face, I couldn't see his face. I took steps back, stumbling back at the sight of it. Who.. Who could've done this.. He did. Didn't he. That's why his clothes were stained and he was twitching. IT WAS HIS FAULT.. I had to go tell everyone, but I couldn't. By than, he had found me. "..So, you know the truth." I turned around, swiftly to find myself pinned against a tree. "W-What are you talking about? I- I don't know anything!" I responded, stuttering a little in surprise. "Oh, I know you do.. I suppose I'll have to make you shut up." I felt myself get pulled down, as he grabbed my leg and began to twist it. His grip was surprisingly strong as I began to try to kick him away. "W-What are you doing?! STOP THAT!" I cried out, just begging for him to stop. I closed my eyes, expecting the worse when a wave of pain hit me hard. I cried out, screaming. He snapped it, and I felt so powerless.

He quickly placed his finger over me, telling me to hush. As if that's going to work. I tried to crawl away, but it isn't exactly easy with only one leg. He instantly noticed this, and grabbed me by the head.

"P-Please let me go! I won't tell anyone! L-Loser PLEASE." I pleaded, hoping he would just accept it. Please accept it. All I hoped was for survival, but he was merciless and only gave me a death stare as he began to bash my head against a nearby tree. I cried, all through it. Screaming, yelling, begging for someone to help me. My vision began to dim and become unclear. I could hardly see what's infront of me anymore. The only thing I could hear was laughter and the last words I would hear until all I felt was nothing.
"You were useless anyways."

Firey Jr's POV-

What the fuck..? I heard so much yelling and screaming for the last few minutes. Something's not right. Definitely not. Telling from everyone's faces, they knew. We all knew that something horrific had happened. I began to get up. "..Something's off. I'll go check out in the Fourest." This got everyone's attention as they all also got up and volunteered. I suppose the more the better chance I don't get murdered. We all began to go outside, searching the area. Blood was everywhere, and the thick smell was making it obvious that a murder happened. A trail, blood trail. I began to follow, taking lead because that's what I naturally do. I'm a leader, someone who supports everyone else.. Except those damn dirty murderers. Whoever done this must pay the price.

"Ooh! More blood.. Wonder if I-" Black Hole was irritated, raising his eyebrow. "..Taste blood? Gelatin. Stop that." He said, before we turned back to the 2 bodies that awaited us. Clock's and David's. Both of their heads were smothered with blood. So much.. damn blood. I'm sure it made everyone puke. Including myself. I didn't know what to say, and just stared at it. The blood. The bodies. Who.. did it. I stared at the bodies, noticing a strand of hair in the clutches of David's hand. A *blonde* hair strand. This is getting me some clues, and I continued to search the bodies and their belongings for any other clues. A journal. 2 Journals. I began to open and flip through each one's. One was David's.. The other was.. Donut? No, that's not right. I kept on flipping through those damn pages til I saw it. Perfect cursive handwriting that Spongy couldn't do. I knew who it was. I turned around to find him, the one the only. I stood up, hands turned into fists as I pointed directly at him. "Y-You did it.. DIDN'T YOU?!" I was

afraid to speak, just begging this was a false claim and I could continue my search. But instead of denying, he just chuckled. He.. laughed. In all of our fucking faces. He liked this. He enjoyed our pain and suffering. HE LIED TO US. Fanny was right... I was getting angry, and ran at him. I WANTED TO GET RID OF THAT FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT. Even if it's THE LAST THING I DO. I tried to punch him, but like the perfect little shit he is. He dodged it all, and grabbed me by the collar of my sweater and threw me back against a tree. I couldn't make out much details but I think Four came, reviving Clock & David before he took Loser away.

That's when I passed out.

-Is Happiness Medicine?-

Pencil's POV-

I'm scared. Like, genuinely scared. After Loser's... whole thing.. happened, any conversation was shut tight. Everyone was tense. Our idol, the one we thought to be a god had broken down on us. Killing the two of us, injuring another, and leaving a permanent scar on us all. I don't know how to react. I don't even know how to think. This place is soon to go to hell and I don't want any part in it. I slowly took out a sketchbook and began to doodle, mostly about my alliance and all. I do miss them, even Bubble. I cared for them all but I threw it away like it was nothing. I just want everyone to be happy again, talking like close friends. Just the 4 of us. Me, Leafy, Bracelety, and Liy. No harm in that, nobody cared and we were all so reckless.

Something must've changed in the outside world, maybe some unknown force? Who the fuck knows. It's not like I fucking care. I decided to go look through my bag for something to use. Taking out a slip of paper and a red marker didn't help. Let me continue looking. Looking for some better cure, medicine, pills, literally anything would help me right now. Maybe even.... No. I can't go that far. I'm not that insane, and I need to promise myself to never go that far. Not like Loser... Not like Matchy.

Clock's POV-

...I don't know how to feel.
He killed me. Bashed my head against a tree multiple times. I patted my head, making sure I actually wasn't fucking dead. Apparently, this was common and had been going on lately. I mean, I enjoy him... But I'm worried. For his health and all. How is everyone else on the team going to react to Loser's breakdown? His murder... I hope we can hide this. From everyone. Is this how we collapse? Pin kept on trying to comfort me, but I pushed her away. She told me about Firey and

Leafy's old relationship, so close friends turned to horrific rivals.

I wonder what happened.. Well, I shouldn't ask. None of my business. I was just trying to think. From what Firey Jr was investigating, he seemed to had found 2 journals. I assumed one was David's, but the other was Loser's. I was always curious on Loser's thoughts.. How he believed in stuff. What if I tried to take it?
Well, he's not here... So, he shouldn't mind.

--

HEYYY I FORGOT TO WRIGE TBIS LAST CHAPTER IM SO SORRY FOR HAVING LOSER KILL CLOCK TOO. But uh- quick question. Would yall ask the EoH!AU cast questions if I made a seperate book bout it? I really wanna and you guys can also get to know how i designed them in actual person!

But yeah uh- this chapter is mostly filler and something to try to lighten the whole fuckin angst that's happened the last 2 chapters. Sorry if it's so poorly made!

-Intermission ; Oh a video

Hmmm yeah i spent 2 hours on this fucking thing. I hope its a nice small break from the whole uh- loser is a big mean sort of thing.

But I would like to confirm that some characters do actually have backstory to result to their actions! Can you figure it out? :)

Also im so fucking story for 4 chapters in 1 day ill stop bothering you

-Adventure-

Liy's POV-

I quietly was looking around. Perfect. I took this chance to see what was in the backdoor. It's always been a question since I first got here, and since Four is too busy with those 3.. I might as well check out what the hell it is now. I grabbed a staple that I stole from Stapy. He's annoying as hell, but reluctantly gave me it from his small backpack that's always been sat next to him in the wheelchair. I've always wondered what's in there. I stared at the door, excited for my next adventure. Well, I was about to go until I had someone stop me. Well not exactly. More of.. ask me. But, I didn't actually expect him to ask me. I turned around, looking straight at the person who decided it was a good idea.. It was David. *Oh, why did it have to be him...* "H-Hey uh.." Wait. He can talk? Oh wait, I already knew that. "..What." David was visibly nervous. "..Mind if I- Uh- Come with you?" His voice was a lot weaker than his normal 'Aw Seriously!' It.. was odd. "Uhh, sure. Just.. don't tell anyone what we find." I whispered, before using the staple as a lockpick to open up the door. All I can saw was a black void at first, but I began to make out details of what seemed to be a hallway. "Ready?" I looked back at David, who nodded as he tucked the pencil he held into his ear and adjusted the messenger bag he owned. I stepped in, hardly seeing anything as I looked back at the door to see David step in with me and shut the door.

It was dark.
I could hardly see, but eventually we found a nearby lightswitch and turned it on, the lights above flickered a little before turning on to reveal a hallway similar to your typically high school. It.. was predictable, but why is it here? In the middle of fucking nowhere. I didn't decide to ask and continued on. Our footsteps echoed through the halls as we walked. For the most part, we are confused. But we wanted to investigate this place we have never seen before. It was so different compared to the competing grounds. There was a lot of

doors, but our classroom was recongizable with the blue door and 'EXIT' painted on it with white. I didn't know what to do. I decided to continue on, testing if any of the doors would open. Most were locked so that method really didn't work. Until we saw a metal door with detention plastered onto it. It was really odd, and I decided this was worth breaking into. I heard some conversation in the door behind.

I decided to unlock it, somehow. The staple's busted, though, so David and I agreed to go back and come back to break that thing open once we had the right materials. This was gonna be fun, because I want to know who the fuck were those voices behind that door.

--

A fun chapter of murderer and victim bonding! :D
Also uh- this au can go either humanized or objects, but its particularly focused on humans for the gore and shit. If it's an object, the object wears one element of the human. So Loser would wear sunglasses, Pencil wears a scarf, and Match a jacket for a few examples. :)

-Busted-

Narrator's POV-

It was another day in the classroom, Four hadn't shown up for months, or that's what it seems like it's been that long according to the clock hung up on the wall. Clock's small necklace got busted, so he threw it away in the trash for it to rot. It's hard to identify him, but it's easier once you rememeber his messy hairstyle and blue freckles. Liy was sitting at her desk, humming to herself. She seemed content and happy, a rare feeling nowadays. Nobody knew her intent, except one. David and Liy arranged a deal to break into that room, and share whatever's in the room. It could be money, pencils, papers, even BFDI. They just had to get the damn door down to see. Shouldn't be too hard. The problem was that the door was metal, and there was no signs of metal. Only a keycard reader. This gave Liy a small idea. She decided to bring a chair along just to test how strong the door was before figuring out the perfect plan. She got up, quietly grabbing a chair and holding it up in a hugging position to bring it over to the door. The door was frightening and she could hear the voices behind the door again. It... was much more familiar than she remebered. It was as if she met them. She ignored that.

She stared at the door, beginning to lift up the chair and hit the door with it. The chair was fairly tough, but broke on impact with the door making a small hole. "What the.." The voices said, as they clearly had noticed it. Liy decided to quickly run away and craft her plan. It was easy and quick, but she needed to enlist the help of her close friend.

She quietly looked over to David, "I have a plan, come on!" She had a grin as she took out her hand. David reluctantly accepted, placing his hand on hers as her gripped firmed to bring the duo at the door. As they arrived, a even bigger hole seemed to form. "Okay.. Uhh- Are you strong enough?" Liy asked, looking at David. He was

investigating the hole. "Huh? Hmm, lemme try." Since he was clearly strong, he practically made a massive hole.

Liy's POV-

They're... there. The murderers. The ones who were successfully caught. I was in horrid, just watching them. Was this the detention room? I looked over to the table, with 7 organized trays and a large pile of paper rising nearly to the roof of the room. Tuey were planning something. I couldn't understand what, but I quickly grabbed David and got out of there.

What have we done.

--
oh no theyre free
maybe that promise wont last for long..

-Just a Clone-

Firey Jr's POV-

Another day. Nothing has happened in awhile. I quietly messed with my fire-like hair, as it emitted a soft glow to identify me from the rest. Night fell, once again. This is getting repetitive, but I guess I should sleep. Well, I was going to until I heard footsteps echoing. I looked around the classroom, all of them were asleep in some way. I tilted my head, looking at the backdoor. It was open, and just asking me to come into the dark void.

I was afraid, but after a little hesitation I got up from my desk. I was skeptical of what the door awaited. I was going to take a leap of faith. I walked through the door, as it slowly shut after I entered the darkness. I could hardly see, with my hair emitting such a dim light I can only see what's super close to me. "Who's there." I growled, trying to see if anyone would be nearby. I turned around, making sure nobody was behind me until I heard a whisper from where I originally was.
"Go."
It gave me chills down my spine, than I realized what that was for. It was a kidnap attempt, they grabbed my arms. I don't know how many there were but there were atleast two. I tried to move away, scream for help, something. I don't want to die. No.

I ran, even if I couldn't see anything. I kept on running, scared. I might be small, but I am not going to be an easy target. I heard footsteps trail behind me, and I tried running even if I was tired. It was life and death. I knew. I just knew they were out to kill me. This was a trap... I reached a dead end, and just stared at the wall infront of me. They grabbed me, placing a cloth infront of my mouth as I began to pass out.
I whispered one last word, before I couldn't see the light emitting from my hair.

"Help."

--

I woke up, to find myself tied in a chair by some sort of rope or whatever. I don't know where I am. I don't know if anyone's watching me. I think I know who did it, telling from my nearby surroundings and the sort of relationships I've had in the past, this is it. I'm being punished, as in a way of karma. I guess.

I don't want to die though, all I wanted to do is survive this hellhole but somehow they escaped. Their rage could be seen in their eyes as I saw them from the dim flickering lights. I tried to squirm around, to find some way of escaping. But the space's limited and I don't know how much longer they plan on hesitating til they get physical. Too physical.
For now, resorting to verbal bullying and harassment. I managed to block out some of it, but I can't ignore it all. Being called a clone is my weakness, and a hurtspot. Thsy make it clear I am. I don't feel safe. I think they're getting closer.

They have a knife in their hands.
---
3 chapters of boringgggggg
so fun! :)

-Crime Scene-

Narrator's POV-

Everyone woke up.
Firey Jr was missing.

"God damnit! Why is he missing?!" Liy said, jolting up from her desk and examining the room. He had to go somewhere, the front door where the Fourest led to was closed. The backdoor, wasn't. "W-Where do you think... They went?" Pencil said, still anxious over the incident the last few so-called weeks.
"It's clear they went to that door." Black Hole commented, facing his body towards the backdoor. Everyone did the same, staring at the door with what seema to have an endless void. Liy and David exchanged glances, and knew what happened.

'Should we tell them?' Liy mouthed, David shook his head. He was far too nervous, and just stared at the door as Pencil got up. "I-I'll go check it out... Anyone else wants to?" Everyone mumbled to themselves until a boy in particular shot up their hand. "I will." He stated, as everyone faced him. Blocky had his hand up, standing by his chair as he walked over to Pencil and grabbed her hand. "Let's go." He stated before entering the darkness, turning into nothing as they walked into the room.

The classroom was silent, they were all nervous to hear news. Any news of them. They decided to continue their worksheets, thinking it would be nothing. That was until a few minutes later they heard a scream, two screams. They recognized it, Pencil's and Blocky's. Liy shot up, "I'll go see what happened. Don't worry about me!" She shouted as she darted into the darkness of the hallways.

Liy's POV-

I ran. Something wasn't right. What I did see was Pencil outside of

the detention room, shaking in fear. "T-THOSE SICKOS KILLED HIM!" She shouted, crying. "W-What..?" I choked, deciding to peek in the room to find Loser over a body.
Blocky's dead body.
I examined the body, various stabs in his stomach and chest. Blood was everywhere and his head was dripping blood, his already red hair stained with even darker red hair. I gagged. The blood was too strong, and I quickly backed away to breathe. "What.. the.. fuck." I kept on trying to breathe. What the fuck did he even do...? I quickly scampered away, back to the classroom. Four's surely coming back. Right? Hopefully? For sure? I began to dougt myself as I rested my head on my desk, crying.

I can't handle this anymore.
--
Loser needs to be grounded asmr

-Number-

Gelatin's POV-

Okay.. I'm sorta freaking out now.
So apparently Liy & Pencil walked back, one clearly upset and the other a crying mess. At first this seemed like a joke. It had to be! But... It doesn't seem like that anymore. That glorious guy we once called a god is now a psychoparh. I'm starting to go insane here.

I slowly looked at the backdoor, got up, and booked for it. Fuck this classroom. Fuck these people. Fuck everyone! I'm out of here. I ran, hoping nobody had followed. I noticed a flight of stairs. Wait. There's more floors? I quickly ran up them, making a swift turn to what I assumed was the 2nd floor. My footsteps echoed, and I stopped for a brief moment to hear if anyone followed. No sounds. I sighed in relief, climbing up the stairs and reaching a new hallway. It looked completely new, and recently added. I tilted my head and walked.

I saw multiple signs, of interesting stuff. I always knew there were others like Four, but a fucking school full of them? Damn, didn't expect this. I approached one of the doors, it was decorated with beautiful fake leaves and said 'Welcome to Five's Common Room!' Interesting. I decided to open the door, and what met me amazed me. It was a beautiful landscape with purple grass and flowing lime green water. There were multiple cut stumps for what I assumed seating and a few trees. It was nice, but that wouldn't last for long. Suddenly, I was pushed down. "AGH-" I fell to my face on the soft grass, it really didn't feel that hard of a fall than I thought. I quickly got up and turned around to be introduced to one of those things.

"Hiya! I'm Five!" They confidently barked at me. I examined their features, they had nice hair that was obviously made with gel. A small curly ponytail pointed out, and horns to top off his hair. His face had emerald green eyes with matching emerald green freckles,

those seemed really cute. He wore a pink sweater with a green bowtie and green bracelets on his wrist. His.. apperance was interesting, to say the least. "Hey Three! Come over here, look!" They seemed eager, and looked over to another figure sitting on one of the stumps. They had messy red hair with a large strand being curly compared to the messy straight hair. They woke a white jacket with a black shirt, on the shirt had the number 3 on it printed in red. He seemed to wear jeans, and have circular glasses similar to Loser's.

I was hesitant, and got up. "Uhh, hey guys." I said, trying to not seem confused. It didn't seem to work, I assumed the guy named Three could sense my confusion or fear. "Don't fret. My name is Three, and I'm glad to meet you. The question is, what are you doing here? This school's been abandoned for years." Those last words horrified me. For years? Really? This place looks amazingly kept. "..Well, Four-"

"Four-? THREE! DID YOU HEAR THAT?! Big Bro's finally home!" Five squealed, hugging Three. Three had his glasses messed up, and pushed Five off. "Chill out, I'm sure he sent this kiddo here on accident. No way this was on purpose." Well, time to break the news. "..Well, actually. Four did send me here, I got eliminated in their gameshow!" I stated, trying to act confident in my words. Five & Three exchanged worried glances. "..And how long has, you, and I assume a few others have been here?" I laughed awkwardly. Oh this isn't good. "..Months." Five scrunched his face, and Three had a face fulled of fear. "M-Months?! By than.. Oh no! Has anybody in your classroom killed?!" I-

How did he guess..?

--
Cliffhanger fools!

Also I hc most of the algerians are males. Enjoy this.. new chapter of lore.

-Reality-

Narrator's POV-

Gelatin was shocked. *How did they come up with that? What's going on?* Three detected the expression of shock and surprise, and came up with his conclusion. "So.. They had." Five was hugging Gelatin. "Oh nononoono....
This isn't good.. You need to go. Now." Gelatin was confused, trying to reason to stay. He stared at the door. "Before *she* finds you." Three warned, nudging Gelatin.

Gelatin was confused, but nodded. Something's wrong with this school. Definitely. "Who's she?!" He asked, before Three pushed him out and shut the door. He was back in the hallway, and he was confused. He decided to run back to the classroom, hoping that the she wasn't one of his classmates. Gelatin was afraid, and knew he had to start taking things seriously.

Blocky's POV-

Im awake again.
The last time I remembered was me being stabbed multiple times in the chest. I can't really get my mind on who did it. I feel like I suddenly passed out and half of my memories are gone.
Who the hell are these people?
I rose from the white bed, and looked around. Most of my body was bandaged and slightly bloody. Aside me was a mysterious person with messy yellow pigtails. There were horns popping out of their head, and they wore a jacket with oversized sleeves. On it were a yellow X.
"Y-You okay..?"
"..Ngh, not really. Who are you?"
That surprised them, and they clearly were worried. "Mm, my name's X. You seemed to suffer a bit of memory loss when you died. Four

isn't around here anymore so I have to tend all the deaths now." Oh. Memory Loss. "..Oh, can you just repair it or something?" I just wanted to get away from this thing and explore this stupid place. "..It'll take awhile. Here, drink this." They offered me a bottle.

I quietly looked at it, took it and drank it.
--

hahaha...
yeah uh.

so apparently the inspiration for this book became nonexistent and now im kinda tryna find a way to end this without it being absolute shit.
maybe gonna take a hitaus from wattpad,,, got other things to do.

-Recover-

Firey Jr's POV-

They eventually found me.
My hair's flame was very dim, and they were surprised. I don't get why, I'm one of the youngest people in the competition. After untying me, they confronted the 3 murderers and attempted give them some sort of medicine to make them forget all of their actions. I just hoped it works.

I slowly got out of the damn room, and was walking back to the classroom. I have no idea what they did to my body, but god, did it feel so heavy. I felt like I was about to pass out, but I continued on. Apparently while this shit happened, a new girl, Lollipop seemed to enter the classroom. She seemed surprised, but patiently decided to sit in her seat.
Her hair was in a clean bun, with her wearing a purple handkerchief on her neck. She wore a puffy jacket with a white shirt and purple skirt. She looked different from the last I saw her, but I decided to not question it. X soon appeared back to the teacher's desk. "So, uhm, hi! I deeply apologize for anyone getting hurt during this time, and I hope we're all okay." X announced happily, hoping to cheer me up. "For now on, there is a new concept being implemented! Recess! You will gain the freedom to explore anywhere in the school and stay in one of the other classrooms for a day with anyone you desire." They stated, before grinning. "Now, finish your worksheets. I need to check on Blocky." X passed the worksheets and shortly disappeared afterward.

I hope things change for the better, but it feels off. I don't think this sort of bullshit's going to end so quickly. Who's going to do it next? Honestly, I just miss my fucking team. Even if they were assholes, atleast they cared about me. Maybe if I can escape this fucking hellhole everything will be happy again.

--
OK WAIT A FUCKIN MINUTE
#5 ON BFB
WHAT THE FUCK THANKS I GUESS?? WOW.

-Who are you?-

Narrator's POV-

X was walking in the hallways, looking around to make sure no wandering students were nearby. He checked once more until pressing on one of the doors, opening it. What lied behind was a long dark hallway, the more the young boy began to walk, the more it warped into another dimension of sorts. It was a happy field filled with grass. Lots of grass. It was the number playground.

He looked around, waving at all of his friends. He shortly remembered what was his original purpose as he walked over to his house. He opened the door, slowly it swung open and he looked around. The house seemed to not be used for awhile, with little visible dust particles floating around. He ignored it, continuing to walk. The small cabin had a hallway with a few rooms, and he continued to walk and abruptly stopped at one of the doors. He took a deep breath. *Please be okay..*
He opened it, and gasped in horror.

X's POV-

Four isn't okay. He's twitching, and got out of his bed somehow. The entire room was a mess, the wallpaper was clearly ripped, and the bed was basically crushed and ripped to pieces. I quickly scrambled up, shutting the door. I saw him. His hair was a mess. Even worse than normal. His usual ponytail was missing, replaced with a mess of hair that flowed down to his shoulders. He was giggling to himself, as if he had done something horrible.

..I think I cracked the code. I was walking to my room, until I heard the door behind me swing open. The one Four was in. I turned around, and I instantly gasped. I couldn't stand looking at him like this, and darted out of the cabin. I needed to get back to the class. If only I could teleport... I ran, into the dark hallway and quickly shut

the door once I was back in the school halls. I can't let them see Four in this condition. I can't... This is even worse when ABNTT merged him with Donut. Much worse. Atleast he was SANE.
My best friend's gone, and I knew who I had to call to take his place.. But, I really wish I didn't have to.

Atleast he's good at playing patty cake.

--
FOUR'S LONG GONE

Yep, uhh, fun! :)
Also Four and X have blue & yellow eyes, bcuz I'm cool.

-Newbie-

???'s POV-

Four's insane.
Wonderful. I just got the news from X, and a call to come over to take Four's place in his classroom. I felt all giddy, maybe because I drank a bit of alchohl before I got the call.
I slowly raised from the couch, laughing a little to myself as I grabbed my bowtie and suspenders and got dressed. Damn, did it feel good to replace that bloody asshole. Now, where's that silly boy I dearly care of?

Spongy's POV-

Oh jeez.. I was sitting at my desk, sort of just in the front of the class when suddenly a weird person appeared at the desk. They had short wavy hair with green horns popping out of their head. A similar shade of green was their bowtie, and they wore dark evergreen overalls with a black shirt. On their overalls showed a stitched green 2 on it. "Hello class! Since Four is.. currently out, I will replace him in hosting the game and teaching this class! My name is Two, and I am amused to see you all. You all seem like a fine class, and I'm sure we will have a nice time here as long as no fishy activity is done. Now I must go, bye!" They shortly disappeared, leaving the class, including myself in a hushed silence.

Two?
Who the hell is that? There's more? Well, I suppose so. I looked around the class, noticing everyone with surprised faces. I looked at the desk beside of mine, Gelatin's. Everyone, including the murderers were in the class except him. Where could he had went? I decided to not question it and fall back asleep.
He was annoying anyways.

-

TWO'S HEREEE!
he ain't tolerating any of ur bs and omg I get to use the nickname silly boy!!

kay bye lol

-Driven to Insanity-

Gelatin's POV~

I rushed through the hallways, keeping sharp breaths. I don't know how long I've been wandering but it feels like months, or even years. My footsteps echoed, and I always rushed into the classrooms to see who's in it. Most were empty, and the others that werent empty had desks. I've seen no signs of people for awhile, and I miss my friends. I fell to my knees, and heard footsteps behind me. Who is it? I began to attempt to crawl forward, desperate to not make a sealed fate.

Now that I'm in this insane situation like everyone else, it doesn't feel as funny. I winced, feeling a little pressure on my foot. I hesitated to turn around, but I couldn't move anywhere. There was nowhere to go. I took a deep breath and turned around, there was a mysterious silhouette infront of me. I made out a fairly tall woman, her arms were crossed and her hair was tied in a bun. I stared in fear, trying to hack away but she pressed down on my foot harder.

She had a smug smile, and her eyes soon flashed a yellow before dimming into darkness. I waited, and soon the lights began to flare back up, making the woman appear. She had a smug grin, her sharp teeth showing. Her yellow eyes shined. She wore a yellow short business skirt, with a white shirt and light blue jacket, on the jacket imprinted the number 6. I was visibly nervous, as she laughed at my suffering. "Wow, you really are hilarious!" I was confused. "W-What..?" She lifted her hand, as I looked at her long blue nails. Suddenly, she snapped and I was standing back up. "Hi! I'm Six. You must be..." She was observing me, having a small frown. Her fang was still showing, and stared at my eyes. "Who are you? There's no sign of your name anywhere." I laughed awkwardly, right... So whatever's imprinted on their clothes must be the number they are. Cool.

"I'm Gelatin.." I said nervously, trying to make sure she doesn't try anything. Her grin turned wide, and she giggled a little. "Lovely to meet you! Now, let's make a deal.." Her gaze pierced through me, scaring me a little. "W-What deal?" I wanted to run, but I had nowhere to go. Behind me was a wall, and I was practically backed to a corner. "How about you stay under my wing for a bit, and I'll teach you the ways to survive in this place. You seem afraid, and perhaps I could teach you how to fight back." She took out her hand. "In return, I get to control you temporarily anytime I desire." I stared at her hand, questioning the offer. I just wanted to survive, I don't care for anyone. I closed my eyes and took it. Her smile was large, and she soon disappeared.
I think I made a mistake.

A big one.

-
Great job Gelatin you really did good.
motivation is amazing especially when theres no inspiration to back you up with.

Also you might like this~
https://my.w.tt/e1DsxSN3R5

-Candy-

Narrator's POV~

Another day in class.
Every second has gone more boring than the last, and Two never visits. If he does, it's only to hand worksheets. He seemed strict on this whole thing, but who said they couldn't make friends. Black Hole looked around, and picked out a small wrapped piece of candy from his hoodie. He randomly threw it up, as it floated to someone's desk and dropped.

Stapy looked up from his desk, being hit by the mysterious candy. He tilted his head, quietly grabbing it off of his head and looking at it. He looked over to Black Hole, who urged him to eat it. He shrugged, quickly eating the candy in one bite and swallowing. It tasted delicious, with interesting tastes. Perhaps like cotton candy? He couldn't place his mind on the amazing taste that was in his mouth. He shot a look at Black Hole, amazed at what he tasted. The floating boy looked around, deciding to fly over to Stapy's desk to chat. He'd been wanting friends, and wanted to expand his friendship further than his team.

They exchanged greetings, and quickly got into conversation. "So, what's that candy you gave?" The boy in the wheelchair asked, messing with his jacket and hair before looking back at the dark boy. Black Hole just kept his stare. "It's a popular candy where I'm from. I just wanted to save it for when I knew I really wanted to make a friend." He rotated his wheelchair, looking at him. "Well, I could be your friend. Do you by any chance know how to play Rock Paper Scissors?"

"I could possibly learn.."

--
I fucking hate stapy.

but he deserves something.

-Diary Log 1-

Dear Diary,

I stole this from Loser again. I know he's up to something. The classroom has been too quiet. Way too quiet. I heard footsteps out of the door.. Someone's out there. I sometimes hear giggling and sometimes even laughing. I decided to ignore it for now, because everyone else seemed to. I thought about checking out where the source of the sounds were coming from. I'm not 100% sure if I should. I'm considering. I really do want to. But sometimes curiousity can get you killed. I just hope Loser doesn't notice. I'm in the fourest. I should be fine. Right? I'm sure I am.

I've been mostly hanging out with Liy and in the fourest because of the recent events. It helps me cope. The only reason I've merely written into this was because I wanted it tell that stupid faker that he's annoying. Which I had. Now, I feel more happier

Wait. I hear something. Giggling.
It's getting closer.
I think I need to go. NOW. I'll try to be back but I don't know if I'll survive whatever's out here with me. If you can read th

dont trust six
all they do is hurt me
please
someone help

-
a new style of writing,, sorry if you're not used to it. But it'll be scattered here and there for a bit of perspective on what's happening.

-Fear-

Liy's POV~

I quietly got up of my desk. Where the fuck is David? I'm sick of playing these damn games. "Hey, I'm gonna go on a quick adventure.. I'll be back!" I placed a fake grin and I excused myself for the fourest. David told me he was in there. He usually was.

I'm not sure why. I mean.. If you know quite a few murders were made there, than why would you still hangout there? The question lurked my mind as I continued to step on the blue grass. It gently swayed as the tips hit my boots once in awhile. I smiled, trying to take this as one of the last times I could be happy. No faking.
I looked at what's infront of me. And that made me hesitate real quick. Blood. Blood everywhere. I knew this was fucking new.. Where's David. I gripped my hands as it turned into fists. I took a deep breath as my shoulder-length hair moved a little from the wind. It was a little windy, which was odd. I followed the blood trail.

I just wanted to see David again.
My only friend in this mess. Whoever did this to him will pay for it. I don't CARE if it's going to go as extreme as murder. I need to avenge my friend. The only considerably sane person. I've always felt so bad for him and him dying a 3rd time is outrageous.. Maybe this is the last time.

If Four's gone..
Is death permanent?

No. It can't be..
I fell to my knees, to what I saw. A notebook, ripped and stained. More specifically...
Loser's.
THAT LITTLE SHIT. I will kill him, in revenge of him. David. I'm so.. sorry.

I think you're gone for good.

--
What's this?
A murder that I didnt literally tell you the killer?

Interesting..

-Bad News-

Narrator's POV~

Everyone was in their seat, no signs of Liy since her little break. Everything was fine. Happy. No death. Right?

Well, it's been too long since Gelatin, David, or Liy came back. They might just be a goner. They were all working on their sheets, with a bit of whispering going around. Black Hole and Stapy were playing rock paper scissors to pass the time, and everyone's been overall happy. Well, that was until Two and X appeared at the teacher's desk with the most concerned looks on their faces. Two slammed his fist onto the desk to get everyone's attention which had succeeded. "Greetings Class. I need to announce something that will hopefully make you more cautious of your stupid actions. We can no longer revive you guys. Four is no longer stable, and none of us other algrebians have enough power to do such a thing." He said, as shocked gasps filled the room.

Permanent death?
...Loser had his hands into a fist, actually quite happy of such news. He didn't need to worry about being confronted... He just had to kill them all. Hm, maybe this change wouldn't be so bad for him. Shame for the others...

-

Liy continued to wonder the fourest, trying to pick up any evidence of David actually being dead. He can't be. Please. She didn't want to lose him. Guilt hit her hard, and she felt miserable. She heard something though. Some sort of noise. It was like somebody was making them. She looked around frantically, calling out. "Hello? Who's out there?!" The next thing she knew, she got attacked from behind.

She fell down to the grass, swiftly turning around to see somebody on her. They were attempting to kill her! To strangle her. She growled, grabbing the knife from her bag and tried to stab it in the person. They grabbed her arm though, it wasn't humanly. Like they had some weird powers or something. Liy was shocked, and was soon thrown against a tree. She needed to run. NOW.

She scrambled up after the brutal impact of the tree. She dashed for it, desperate to escape. She didn't want to die. Not so early anyways. She turned around, unable to figure out who it was until she noticed a flash of green in their clothes and hair. Liy turned back, continuing to run until she tripped and fell.

Turning around, she saw the same person who had attacked her standing there. She squinted, trying to figure out who they were under the dark night sky.

"GELATIN?!"

---

sorry for really late update! I'm starting a new yt series and its gonna start taking a ton of time to make.

-Wait, No More?-

Narrator's POV~

It was quiet.
Nobody wanted to speak, or dared to. The fact that recovery was near impossible and 3 people were missing was horrible. What was next.. Everything was going fine, and they had seemed to forgotten about it until 2 new students walked in with Two right behind them. He was looking at a desk, disappointed at the class.

One was a short boy with a grey bowl haircut, a grey sweater, and beige shorts. He was thrilled to see Roboty, and ran over to him. Roboty muttered something before grudgingly putting his arms out of his pockets and hugging him. "Good to see you too, Rocky.." The weird harsh voice of Roboty shocked the young boy that shared with him. Firey Jr was confused. He can talk? THAT FUCKER. CAN TALK. He was angry, but decided to try to calm down. It was fine. Everything was fine. But how come there were two? They weren't in the same team!

The other one was a girl, similar to the height of Liy or David.. Shame both of them were missing. The girl had silky white hair tied into two ponytails, aswell as a purple beanie and a purple japanese school uniform to fit her look. She was nervously looking around, trying to find somewhere to sit until she decided to sit in Liy's old desk. Hm, I guess it works. They were in the same team, after all. After everyone calmed down and the class went silent, Two spoke.

"Class! Today is the last day anybody new will be entering this class. The classroom has gotten far too large, and cannot fit anymore students. Which is why I will be sending future eliminated contestants somewhere else. You will all have to stay here, and you can do whatever. Fight for your favorite seat, kill someone for breaking the last

pencil in class, I don't give a bloody shit about this place anymore. So.. See you never!" He waved as he snapped his fingers, soon disappearing in an instant. Those words shocked all of them.
Soon, someone stood up, grabbing their chair and threw it at someone else. Everything was about to fall apart. Black Hole rushed to the aid of his injuired friend and glared at 8-Ball. "WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!" He spat.

"...It's only the beginning." He responded, as a smile crept up his face.

Liy's POV~

NONONO..
It was Gelatin?!

I was stunned, staring at him. His eyes shined a shimmering aqua and he seemed to have been busy doing certain things. After examining his body, I noticed various blood stains all over his clothing and a ripped piece of paper by his jacket pocket. Oh shit.
I quickly tried to get up before he grabbed me and pinned me to a tree. All he did was stare me down, and I was terrified. I quickly looked through my bag and took out a sharp knife that hadn't been used yet. I swiftly jammed that damn thing in his wrist, and ran back for the classroom as soon as I had the chance.

I heard a scream of pain and footsteps, but I continued to run. If he was following me, than he would've caught up to me as soon as I stopped. I was in relief, when I opened the classroom to find everyone arguring.

Well...

Crap.

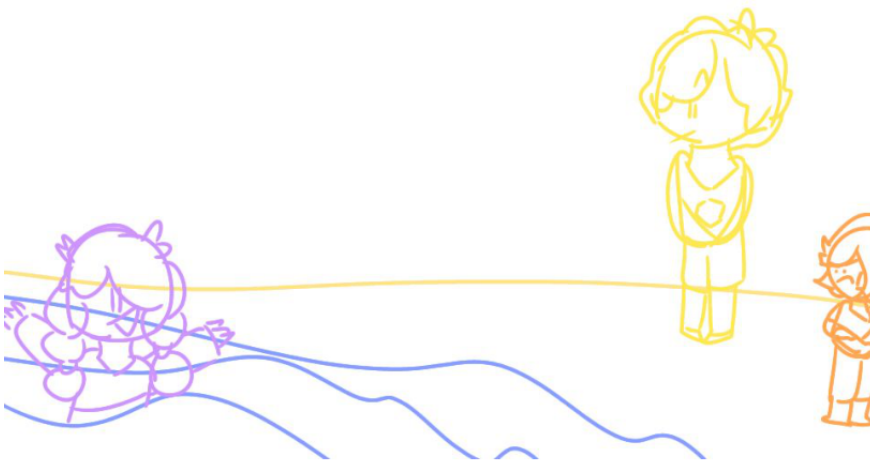
-
Great job 18 you really helped me escalate this.
All future eliminated contestants are still going to BRB. I also made this specific change because of Four's current state and how much I wanted to reference one of the new episodes somehow..

[ANN] ok no seriously

UHH-
I think I need to put this book on hitaus.
Why?
Firstly, I have no more ideas and I need to plan the future deaths before ending this book as a whole and NOT making a sequel because this is prob like the equivalent of Crush which was a fucking mess.

Uhhm...

Also hecause I wanna focus on some books I had in mind! Mostly my trust me one haha~ I'm a lil attached to the AU and making content for it has been a really fun thing to do. So if you want more angst feel free to read that. Otherwise, it's time for the exitors to go on break!



The book should be back in around from 1 week to 2 months. I promise anytime after that means this book is no longer being worked on.